



A NEW SONG ON
CAPTAIN FLANIGAN'S VICTORY
OVER THE TORIES

You sons of tane melician rare
Attention day unto my theme
While I relate the Sligo chace
The Burrough members polling
We left proud Knox in great dispare
Last week he thought to gain the chair
Just like a dog that lost his tail
We'll hunt him to Hanover

CHORUS—

His golden purse is nearly drain'd
His baibery was all in vain
From Parliament he must refrain
O'Flanigan is Victorious

So cher up you sons of Granua-wail
In Erins cause you have a claim
The rights of man for to obtain
The wigs can not oppose us
The lofty wheel is runing round
The side that's up will soon be down
The tory clan we will confound
They never can controul us

Our liberal members were comb'd
In every coun y of our isle
To free their nation from exi'e
Or bound to foreign traitors
They thought on what their fathers bore
When Crommel had disturb'd our share
Our preists & Bishops in their gore
And none for to release them

From east to west we should rejoice
To see the people sympathise
The'r faithful men to recognise
Who plead for Erins glory
Tho long we wex in galling chains
While luthers breed were in the chair
They may remember sixty eight
It left them all condoling

The tenant right is now at hand
We can improve our native land
They'll give a lease to every man
As Gladstone had propos'd it
Oomore unlawful tax we'll pay
Tho long the breed o tuder claim'd
They are pamper'd by the sweat of slaves
With mutton beef & bacon

Oh So now we'll cheer our candidates
The Knox & Couper lost their
And Connor young has gain'd the chair
He Flanigan is in clover
We'll give three cheers for Great, wialan-P
W sons & daughters did not f
no but the tories front rere
And keep them from promotion ;